

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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The Stirring-Up of Partisan Animosity When Unity Is So Urgently Needed

I am depressed, as everybody is, by the news that comes from all over the world in these days—from Europe, where the free nations still tremble in the shadow of Soviet Russia; from the Near East, Africa, China, India, everywhere. But just now the reading matter that depresses me most has nothing to do with world news, except incidentally. It is what I find in the official organs of the two political parties, "Democratic Digest" and "Republican News."

It is clear to any reader of these two periodicals that neither of them is interested in telling the truth. Each of them is devoted to praising its own party and abusing the other. It pictures its own party leaders as men of profound intellect and noble ideals, and the leaders of the other party its bunglers and sordid self-seekers. It distorts the record to put its own party in a good light and to make the other party appear as a gang of unscrupulous schemers.

These two periodicals are conducted in the interest of groups of politicians with whom the welfare of the country counts for little beside their burning desire to win control of the government and thereby possess the pay, the power, and the prestige that come along with that control. These groups of cynical intriguers constitute only a tiny fraction of the population of the country, but because of being able to play upon widespread spirit of partisanship they persuade great numbers of people to swallow their propaganda without a quiver.

Here we see a deliberate effort to stir up division and discord. In peaceful, easy times we might be excused for taking this performance lightly, even for laughing at it. But in these times when dangers beset us on all sides, when we so urgently need unity in the face of these dangers, the stirring up of partisan animosity among our people is a tragic spectacle.—L.G.

Mr. Ramsey's Excellent Summing-Up of Our Educational Problems

The best summing-up of North Carolina's educational problems that I have read is the address delivered recently by D. Hiden Ramsey, chairman of the new State Board of Higher Education, before the North Carolina College Conference. I am quoting here some passages in the address.—L.G.

The Serious Overcrowding

"Our colleges and universities in North Carolina are literally bursting at their seams. Our state-supported institutions have already enrolled 2,000 more students this year than last year. Our private institutions are crowded to capacity.

"Most of our state institutions were compelled by the lack of accommodations to refuse admittance to many prospective students this year. The almost unvarying report is: 'We could have added 200, 400, 500 students to our enrollment if we had had the facilities.'

"As we look out into the future and try to estimate the vast army of boys and girls that will be beleaguering our colleges and universities a decade hence, the problem created by our present crowded conditions becomes gloomier and more challenging.

"The next ten years will bring about a sharp increase in our college-age population. There will be more young men and young women clamoring for admission to our colleges and universities because there will be more boys and girls in the appropriate age group. The heavy birth rate of the past few years—and it shows no real downward trend—makes that certain.

Without delay and without stint,

we must provide more classrooms, more dormitory rooms, more teachers for our colleges and universities. This means inescapably larger state appropriations and more generous public support of our private institutions."

The Need of Engineers

"The need for expansion of our colleges is pointed up for us by the demand from special and responsible quarters for more college graduates with special training and aptitudes.

"Industry is asking insistently for engineers, more engineers, still more engineers. It declares that the industrial progress of the nation may be slowed down if our colleges do not provide more technically trained persons. It reminds us that the annual number of engineering graduates has been halved in six brief years and draws unfavorable, somewhat despairing, comparisons between the Russian and American output of engineers. Industry proves the sincerity of its appeal by bidding almost frantically with excellent starting salaries and other enticements and seductions for the service of graduating engineers."

The Need of Teachers

"The need for more school teachers has been with us too long to require any labored recital. We have made some progress in meeting this need in North Carolina, thanks to the efforts of our colleges and to the dedicated spirit of those who enter the profession. Today there are 8,000 more professional qualified teachers in the service of our state school system than there were ten years ago.

"But the need for more teachers remains and will increase in the years ahead as our birth rate pours more children into our schools and as the nation appreciates more fully the dire necessity of lowering the pupil load per teacher. We must never forget that our colleges and universities must turn out more teachers than doctors, lawyers and engineers combined. Teaching is the basic profession, without which there can be no other professions. Without an adequate supply of competent school teachers, colleges would wither and die for want of the matriculates that must be fashioned into college material by public and private school teachers."

The Basic Need: Money

"To expand the facilities of our existing colleges and to establish new institutions require money, prodigious sums of money. Colleges have no license to mint money. They must look beyond their own walls to governments, foundations and individuals for their funds. No one can seriously propose that higher education should be made self-supporting. Such a solution would decimate our colleges and restrict educational opportunity to the privileged and not necessarily the most promising few.

"One of the brightest signs on the educational horizon today is the greater interest which industries are showing in the financial strengthening of private institutions.

"The private colleges and universities of North Carolina are doing an indispensable job. They account roughly for 47 per cent of all the students enrolled in our institutions of higher learning. If they should close their doors the State would have to double its appropriations for higher education to do single-handedly what is now being done by both private and public institutions."

The Junior College

"Many states are meeting the problem of increasing enrollment in part through the establishment of junior colleges supported entirely by state funds or through community colleges maintained jointly by state and local funds or entirely by local funds.

"In my opinion the junior college has a very distinctive role to play in any comprehensive system of higher education. It provides a terminal education for young men and women who need and seek something less than the full curricular fare of the senior college. If junior colleges are widely and wisely distributed, they bring education within the economic and geographic reach of an increased number of young people. They can be fruitful feeders to our senior colleges.

"In North Carolina we have merely scratched the surface of the junior college. In 1950 there were only 5,000 students registered in all of our junior

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a little Southern town, there lived a family named Smith. There was Mr. Smith, and Mrs. Smith, and nine-year-old Junior Smith, and six-year-old Judy Smith. The Smith family was one of modest means. It had only one car (two years old), one bathroom, and one TV set (VHF only). Mr. Smith had a respectable job which paid him a respectable salary, but it was just barely enough to provide for household expenses, buy clothes, put a little cash away each month for the children's college education, and make the payments on the house, the car, the TV set, the washing machine, the sewing machine, the dish washer, and the new sofa in the living room.

Christmas always hit the Smiths pretty hard. Not Christmas, exactly, but the Christmas bills which always arrived in the mail on January 1. The worry over meeting these obligations annually put a damper on the Smith's holiday activities.

One year, on the evening of January 3, George Smith was sitting at the dining room table making out checks and unsuccessfully trying to balance the family budget. Mrs. Smith was relaxing in the parlor dividing her time between Arthur Godfrey on channel 5 and the after-Christmas sale advertisements in the evening newspaper. For once the newspaper was winning out.

"All these wonderful sales!" Mrs. Smith exclaimed, talking to herself. "Wouldn't it be nice if they were held the week before Christmas instead of the week after?" This struck her as such an original and profound thought that she repeated it for her husband's benefit.

"Fat chance of that ever happening," grumbled Mr. Smith. "The only way we'll ever balance the budget this time of year," he added sarcastically, "is to postpone Christmas a week and do all our shopping during the after-Christmas sales."

"George!" chortled Mrs. Smith. "What a perfectly marvelous suggestion!"

The very next year, the Smiths put their plan into effect. They scheduled their family Christmas on New Year's Day, and, to benefit the budget, did all their shopping the week before, during the after-Christmas sales.

The idea was a complete success. The family budget—at one-half off and one-third off prices—came through in unusually good shape, and the Smiths discovered that their Christmas was just as much fun and only half as expensive as everyone else's.

It didn't take long for the word to spread. By the end of the week nearly everyone in town had called up to congratulate the Smiths and ask for advice on solving minor problems such as how to explain to the younger children that Santa Claus had revised his itinerary to visit them a week later than usual.

The following year every family in town postponed its Christmas one week and did all its shopping during the after-Christmas sales. Everyone was happy except the shopkeepers, who felt that something was wrong with the system. They discussed the problem and came to the conclusion that the next year they would have to put off their after-Christmas sales until the week after New Year's Day.

The shopkeepers' decision didn't bother the Smiths, or the other families in town. The next year they set up car pools, drove into the county seat to do their shopping during the sales, and had their delayed Christmas all the same. People in the county seat caught onto the idea and delayed THEIR Christmases a week. The county seat shopkeepers caught onto the idea, too, and delayed THEIR after-Christmas sales. So everyone started going to the Big City 15 miles away to shop.

The idea of the postponed Christmas spread like wildfire. Within a few years every family in the state was observing the custom. The practice crossed the state line exactly seven years after the Smiths first originated it, and within another decade it had swept the country. No one even remembered that the Smiths had started the whole business, but everybody was sold on the idea.

And with everyone in the United States observing Christmas a week late in order to take advantage of the after-Christmas sales, what do you suppose everyone did on the real Christmas day—December 25?

Why, they went to church and celebrated the birth of Jesus Christ. Some people were even heard to remark that it seemed like such a good idea they couldn't understand why no one had thought of it before.

FOR YOUR COLLECTION of quotable quotes: Louis Armstrong, in a discussion of his favorite subject: "There ain't but two things in music—good and bad. And anything you can pat your foot to—it doesn't matter what it is—that's good music."

colleges and only 600 of these were enrolled in community colleges supported by public funds. It was not until this year that the North Carolina General Assembly made a token appropriation for the support of the community colleges now in existence."

Flying Saucer Is Shot Down (Elkin Tribune)

The Air Force has shot down the "flying saucer." After long and thorough study (and no one can discount the extensiveness and carefulness of the investigation), it has concluded there are no flying ships in the earth's atmosphere carrying little men from other planets.

The findings of the eight year survey, checking on nearly 5,000 reported sightings of "flying saucers," is contained in a 316-page book, Air Secretary Donald A. Quarles has announced. But in doing so he disclosed that a new type of aircraft is being developed under an Air Force contract with Avro,

Ltd., of Canada, which may result in even more reports on top of those which have followed from weather balloons, reflected lights, and assorted optical illusions.

A 19th century statesman said of the Austro-Hungarian Empire that if it had not existed it would have been necessary to invent it. Evidently aeronauts have come to this conclusion about the flying saucer; it is too good an idea not to develop. But while they are at it, how about some extensive research by the physicists in the field of optics to discover what can spark so many flights of fancy.

"People argue whether women or liquor are more dangerous. Well, we've noticed that liquor will let a man alone if he lets IT alone."—H. C. Diefenbach.

In countries ruled by dictators, the custom seems to be to name a street after him one year and chase him down it the next.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

Robert H. Wright. He was again elected captain, for 1897. But he decided he had better get down to real work for the profession he intended to enter, medicine, and so after a few days here that fall he went to the University of Maryland. The second year after that he was captain of the Maryland team.

The letter from him that I found in my rummaging was written in 1944. The game he described was one played 49 years earlier, between Carolina and Clemson.

I don't keep up with football in these days but some of the incidents in games of fifty-five years ago are as clear in my memory as if they happened yesterday. For example, there was the terrible jolt I got on a day in November 1900 in Atlanta when I was run into and knocked down by a bull of a halfback on Sewanee named Siebels who had crashed through the line and got into the open. Somehow I managed to hang on to one of his feet long enough for our end and Captain, Francis Osborne, to catch up with him and bring him down. And I remember an equally painful collision with a 200-pound tackle on Virginia named Walker in a game played the next year in Norfolk in an almost freezing rain. When I say the collision was painful I mean to me, not to him. I don't believe he even noticed it. He just bowled me over and went on. Hunter Carpenter of V. P. L. was another man who gave that same sort of treatment. Seems to me what I remember most clearly about the football games I played in was getting knocked over by ball-toters or blockers whose impact was something frightful.

The occasion for Joe Whitaker's letter to me was a statement about the origin of the forward pass, that had been made by a sports writer in New York and reprinted in papers all over the country. The statement was that the forward pass was first used in a game between North Carolina and Clemson in 1895. Joe played quarterback for Carolina in that game and he wrote to tell me just how the forward pass happened to be made. Of course any forward pass was illegal then, but this one was on the border line between lateral and forward, and the umpire called it good. The story is that this pass gave Heisman, the Clemson coach, the idea of legalizing the forward pass and that he proposed the change to other coaches and so many of them liked the proposal that they persuaded the rules committee to adopt it.

Nicest Way to Visit

(Continued from Page 1)

We were flying at 3,000 feet. There was a high ceiling and we had a clear view of woods and fields, networks of roads, and streams and lakes and ponds, for many miles around. That is, during most of the flight. For a little while we flew through a rainstorm that obscured the view.

The plane is well insulated against the noises of the engine, and propellers. We could all talk with each other with only a slight raising of the voice. Jerry answered readily the questions I pried him with. He had gone over this territory often and was thoroughly familiar with it.

"Columbia is about 170 air miles from Chapel Hill," he said. "That means it takes us somewhere around an hour to get there. We may make it unless we have a tail wind—take a straight course. The time may be longer if

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Zeb Council greeted me on the street. "How goes it? Tell me all you know; it won't take but a minute."

Carrington Smith, back from Florida and points below, is critical of Cuba. "It made me lose my religion," he said.

"How much did you carry over there?" asked the Rev. Charles Hubbard.

"All he lost over there won't help anyone," Bill Thompson interrupted.

The souvenir Mack Preslar brought Norman Condon from Siam definitely defies description.

Robert M. Lester and Shell Heninger were comparing notes on the way some men hold their coffee cups, particularly gripping the cup in both hands. And they say that is characteristic of railroad freight men, that they get in the habit of putting both hands around the cup to warm them after being out in the cold, or that the habit stems from holding the cup in both hands to keep the coffee from sloshing out in a rough riding caboose. That's what Messrs Heninger and Lester have heard. Any others?

Add things that strike me as being funny: Harry Golden's Carolina Israelite advertises ham, bacon and sausage.

When he awakens in the middle of the night, Joe Jones claims he can tell what time it is by feeling his whiskers.

Did you ever hear the story about the man who kept all his New Year resolutions? No? Well, we haven't either.

We go around a bank of clouds or a rainstorm, or if there's something we want to turn aside to see."

The sun had come out brightly. There below us was the town of Candor. Jerry turned on the radio and we heard somebody singing "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!" It's a jolly song and it was in our mood.

We passed over Ellerbe, and the Pee Dee River (the name the Larkin changes to as it goes south), and Wadesboro. "We're about half way now," said Jerry. "It's ten-fifty-eight and we've been gone from Chapel Hill 35 minutes."

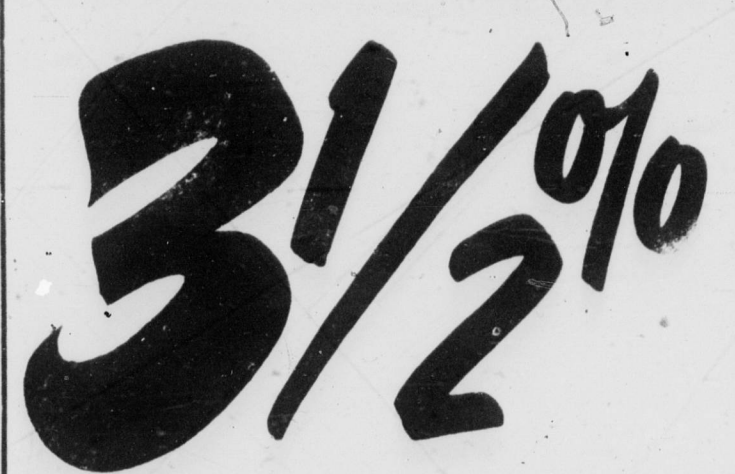
A couple of minutes later we had crossed the state line and were over South Carolina. Then Pageland was "on one side of us, Chesterfield on the other; then Kershaw to the right, then Camden to the left.

We landed at Owens Field, about two miles from Columbia, after being in the air just one hour and 16 minutes. From the plane windows as we taxied to a stop we saw George Coffin Taylor. I had telephoned him we were coming and he had driven out to meet us.

He drove us around the city and some of the suburbs, and then to where he lives on College street near the University grounds. Mrs. Taylor welcomed us at the door of their roomy and comfortable

oh-so-delicious! luncheon of oyster stew, salad and fruit-cake. What fun it was to see the Taylors again! This was a meeting we had been looking forward to a long time. We left Columbia at 3 o'clock and landed at Chapel Hill at 5 minutes past 4. Collier's car was waiting, just where it had been left, and he dropped us at our gate at about 4:15. One time in the air had been 2 hours and 21 minutes, our total time away from home 6 hours and 15 minutes.

We have been thinking and talking about the speed and comfort of this trip in contrast to one from here to Columbia when you go there ground-floor apartment. A few minutes later we were led into the dining room to eat in your car or by train or bus. On the ground it takes practically all of one day to get there and all of another day to get back. The hours drag tediously and when you get to your journey's end you are worn down with fatigue. When you make the trip by air you feel as fresh at the end of it as you did at the start. And what a blessing not to have any traffic to contend with! Going and coming, we saw only one other plane. No wonder we call traveling by air the nicest possible way to go visiting.—L.G.



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